



# My Fantasy First Date

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This is what my fantasy for a first date would be after meeting on the internet.

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It is Saturday and the day dawned full of promise. I was in a very romantic mood, which lately has been very frequent. I have been seeing a young lady who is a student at Stanford University. We had been emailing each other for a long time and had met for coffee and lunch. Her name is Lisa, 22 years old and a cute petite blond, with sparkling eyes and a wonderful smile. School was on holiday but she decided to stay and study to get an edge before finals and winter break. She had been studying hard and her grades were perfect in every subject. She had not chosen a major yet and was not in a hurry to get there. For her school was the idyllic life. She went to classes during the day and evening. She studied what seemed all the time. Her social life was non-existent except for coffee with her friends. We met on the Internet and had been swapping emails and pictures for awhile. About 2 months ago we met for lunch at Max's Opera Café at the Stanford Shopping Center. For those who are not familiar with Max's, it is a New York-style deli chain with 9 locations in California. The food is excellent and plentiful. Their desserts are huge and homemade. We had a nice leisurely lunch to get acquainted. We talked about school, family, friends and life in general. The same things we talked about over the Internet. It was different in person. I could see her face and smile, hear her melodious voice which was music to my ears. Our meeting was quite by chance and it happened at a good time for both of us. We chatted for the longest time getting to know each other. There was a bond there that was forged instantly. We have developed a strong friendship over the months. There has never any intent on our parts for anything more than friendship and someone to talk to. It has remained that way for the whole time. We had been talking about having a real date for awhile but never took the time to plan it out. Today was the day. I had made reservations at a small intimate restaurant in Belmont California called The Iron Gate. It specializes in French cuisine. I have been there a few times and enjoyed the meals. They serve a chocolate soufflé that is amazing. It has to be ordered with the appetizer so they can make it fresh. During our chats on line I learned she likes to experience new meals. I thought a fine French meal would be a great first date. The Iron Gate is the best place for that to happen. I made a reservation for eight o'clock and requested chocolate soufflé for dessert. We planned for me to pick her up at her student residence at 7:00 pm. It was a little early but I wanted to see her place and relax before we started our first date. My preparations started early for the night. I took a long shower to make sure I was good and clean. I trimmed my beard and nails. I applied a hint of cologne to arouse her sense of smell. I put on a pair of black slacks that I had made for me on one of my trips to Hong Kong. I wore a light pink button down dress shirt with a pink tie. I wore a navy blue blazer to cover the excessive pink. I looked every bit the gentleman that I am. I wanted to appear

as handsome and appealing as I could for her, enough to make every other woman where we were going jealous of her. I drove from my home in the eastern part of San Francisco Bay to her place in Palo Alto. It took about 45 minutes. Traffic was terrible and when I got on University Ave it stopped dead in downtown Palo Alto. It moved slowly until I entered the Stanford Campus. I drove to her place across from the Stanford Shopping Center. I parked in front of her building, grabbed the bottle of wine I had and entered the building. As I approached her door she was standing in the hallway waiting to greet me. We hugged for a long time and I kissed her cheeks. She grabbed my hand and pulled me inside her residence. I gave her the bottle of wine and she kissed my cheek in a gesture of thank you. She went to her kitchen to get two glasses and the wine opener. She poured a bit of wine for me to sample and I pronounced it to be good. She filled my glass half full followed by her glass. We toasted, clinked our glasses and sipped the wine. Her apartment was small but just the proper size for her about 900 square feet. As she walked in the door her kitchen was on the left. Straight ahead was a living room, dining room combination overlooking a patio area for entertaining. To the right were a bedroom and a 1/2 bath. To the left was the master bedroom with a full bath and shower another small room which was set up as a study room. There was a desk several bookcases a computer table and study area. It was fully functional for a single person and may be a guest or roommate. She looked absolutely ravishing. Her blond hair was wavy and flounced about her head. Her makeup was light and perfect. Her lips had bright red on them but she looked beautiful. I could not have been happier. She had on a one piece dress of dark emerald green. It had a matching belt that showed off her narrow waist. Her figure was astounding and I loved how she looked simple yet elegant. She had silk stockings on which I liked. Her shoes were comfortable 3 inch heels just right for dancing. There was an off white sweater draped over the couch which was what she was going to wear. We sat on the couch and made small talk while sipping our wine. I kept a close watch on the time because if the drive up El Camino Real was anything like University Ave. we would have to leave soon. We finished our wine and decided it was time to go. I stood up helped her up and held her sweater while she slipped into it. She picked up the small pearl necklace she was wearing and put it over the top of the sweater. She took her purse and I followed her out the door locking it behind me. We walked down the hall out the door to my car. She waited by the door until I opened it and she got seated. I went to my side of the car and got in. I started the car and drove off to El Camino Real towards Belmont and The Iron Gate. Traffic was surprisingly light and we got to Belmont quickly. The parking lot was a block away from the restaurant. I got out of the car and went over and opened Lisa's door and offered her my hand to assist in getting out. I locked the car and we started to walk to The Iron Gate. Lisa grabbed my hand and our fingers interlaced. She walked very close to me hanging onto my hand tightly. I looked down at her and she smiled so prettily up at me. There was a sparkle in her eyes that made her look radiant. I did something that was so not me at that moment; I bent and softly touched her lips with mine. She kissed me back eager for it to continue. This date was going better than I could have imagined. I felt really good and the signals she was passing told me that she was happy too. We entered the restaurant and were warmly greeted by the maitre d' Henri. Our table was waiting and we were seated right away. Henri held the chair for Lisa and put her napkin in her lap. He came

to my side of the table and did the same for me. He presented me with the wine list and I ordered a bottle of white wine without looking. Lisa was impressed. Henri said, "Your appetizers will be ready in a few minutes. Enjoy the wine while you wait." I said, "Merci" in my best French. Lisa looked at me and smiled. She was enjoying being courted and treated like a real lady. Henri brought our appetizers which were Crab Crepes. These were so tasty and Lisa just ate them up moaning with pleasure. Next he came with Crab Legs Bordelaise. Both of these were exquisite. We were both smiling and having a good time eating. Our entrees were two of the house specialties Duck a l'Orange and Venison. When I made the reservations I told Henri that we would be relying on him to choose our complete meal except dessert. I had done this before here and was treated to a meal that was not on the menu but far exceeded my wildest expectations. Tonight was no different. I was enjoying the food and watching Lisa's eyes stare wide open at the food and how it was presented. She was in gastronomic heaven. She looked over at me and mouthed the words "Thank You." I smiled back and nodded at her. She and I continued to enjoy our meal. The table was bathed in candlelight and light from some wall sconces. It was a very romantic atmosphere. Lisa laid her hand across the table wanting me to hold it. I reached over and clasped her hand gently. She looked down at our hands and looked up into my eyes. She whispered softly, "This is the best time I have ever had. I never believed that a man would treat me so well and bring me to such a wonderful place. I will remember this as my best date ever for as long as I live." I spoke to her in a hushed tone, "Sweetie, I am so glad you accepted this date from me. I have wanted to do this since we first met on the Internet. You have brought new light into my life and I will remember this night and you forever too. Nothing and no one can take that away." Lisa squeezed my hand and I detected a tear of joy running down her face. I wanted so much to capture that tear and keep it forever. We finished our entrée and ordered coffee for dessert. When Henri brought out the coffee he also brought the chocolate soufflé. Lisa's eyes bulged and her smile broadened from ear to ear. I could see the happiness and joy radiating from her face and her body, She looked over at me and tears of joy and happiness were flowing down her face. I had truly succeeded in making this night special for the two of us. If my life ended tomorrow I would leave knowing I made the life of a very special friend the best that it could ever be. We finished the soufflé and our coffee. The bill never came. I signaled to Henri asking for the bill. He just smiled and walked away. Lisa excused herself and went to the ladies salon to freshen up from the tears. I got up and spoke to Henri. Henri said to me, "Call the young lady and you look so happy and in love that the owner and I want this meal to be our gift to you. You have been a good patron here. It is time for us to return our gratitude to you." All I could say was thank you and shook his hand. I spied Lisa returning from the ladies salon and went to pull her chair out and sit her down. She had refreshed her makeup and was just as beautiful as ever. I reached across the table this time and she grabbed my hand squeezing it hard. I looked into her eyes and saw her happiness but also a peaceful calm had descended upon her soul. The tension that was always there was gone. She was finally at ease with herself and with me. Something wonderful had happened between us. I asked her, "Would you like to go now?" She looked at me smiling and replied, "Yes I will go anywhere you want tonight." I stood up and went over to her chair and helped her up. She turned to me and put her hand behind my head

pulling me down to her lips kissing me for a long time. She hugged me tightly to her and we parted walking away from the table. We thanked Henri profusely and he held the door as we left. We walked to the car with our arms holding onto each other. I opened the door for Lisa and she stood on her tiptoes and kissed my lips again. I went around to the other side and got in and started to drive away. I asked Lisa, "Do you want to go dancing, my love?" Lisa replied, "Take me home. I just want to get comfortable and sit on the couch in your arms and never let you go. I have had the most wonderful evening and I don't want it to end." "OK, it is to your apartment we go then." I drove to her apartment and as I was driving Lisa reached over and took my hand and wrapped both of hers around it holding it to her bosom. She was cherishing it like her favorite toy. In her apartment she changed into some sweats and sat hugging me on the couch as we watched television. I do not know what we watched nor do I care. I was where she and I wanted to be and nothing could be better. We ended up sleeping on the couch all night. It was marvelous and wonderful. When I woke up Lisa was making breakfast for us. As she cooked she was humming and swaying to the music in her head. I looked over at her and smiled. We ate together and spent the rest of the day wandering Palo Alto and the Stanford Shopping Center. As I was driving home that night I was feeling so warm and loved from this woman who 3 months ago was a complete stranger. We met on the Internet and with several hundred emails got to be best friends and intimate strangers. We met several times for coffee and lunch. And on our first date we fell in love forever.